

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle  
My brother Donald was a poet

Myself I'm made of nothing  
And my head is stuffed with hay  
But my brother Donald was a poet  
Or at least that's what they say

Myself I'm made of nothing  
I'm just an also man  
My brother Donald was a poet  
And a very special kind of man

He painted scenes of dragons  
Knights in armour, bold and brave  
And show me how they rescue ladies fair  
And I killed a hundred dragons  
Rescue damsels in distress  
And that really isn't bad  
For a man who wasn't there

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And a very special kind of man

He's done so much with his fine words  
To brighten up our life  
With his poems of the working man  
There mothers and there wife's  
Had a short life and a sweet one  
Had no time to plot or plan  
My brother Donald was a poet  
And a very special kind of man

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